MARVEL

152

GRANT MORRISON
MARC SILVESTRI

# NEW X-MEN®

HERE COMES TOMORROW 2 OF 4

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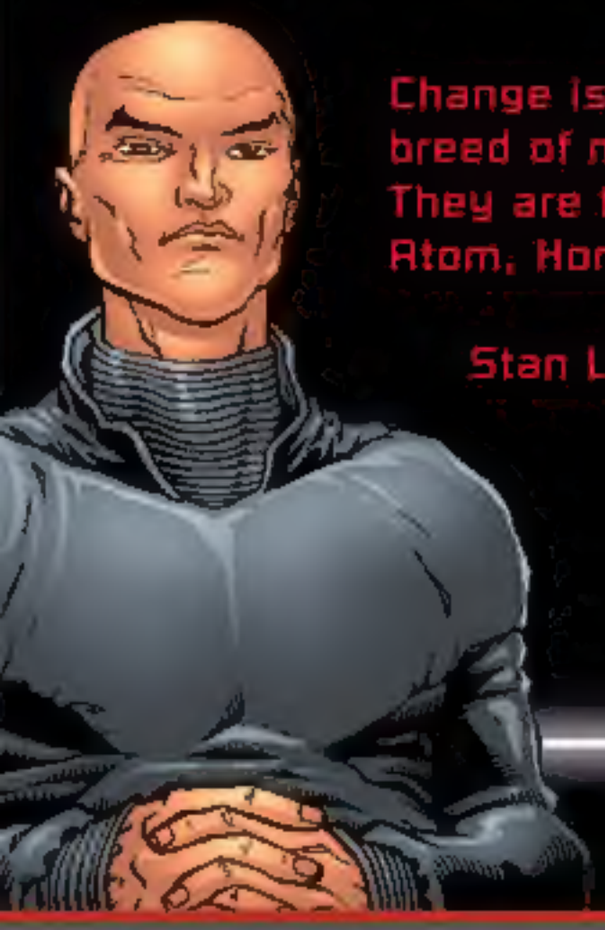


Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom. Homo superior.

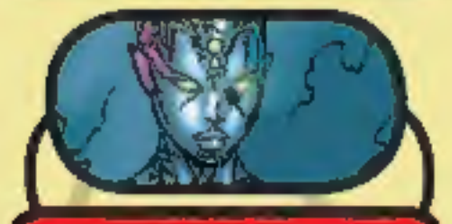
Stan Lee presents...

# NEW X-MEN®

## SURRENDER THE STARLIT CITY
## HERE COMES TOMORROW part 2 of 4

TOM SKYLARK

ROVER



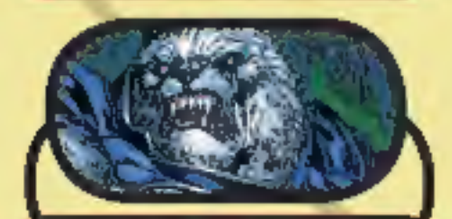
E.V.A.

WOLVERINE

CASSANDRA NOVA

BEAK

THREE-IN-ONE



THE BEAST

# PREVIOUSLY

The time is 150 years in the future.

The Earth...is a mere shadow of its former self. Homo sapiens as a species is dying, and most traces of human civilization have been eradicated. Territorial battles have been replaced by genetic warfare, leaving different emerging species – including mutants - fighting for domination of the biosphere.

Rising up amidst the global turmoil are the X-MEN, now led by Professor Xavier's twin sister, CASSANDRA NOVA. Of the original team only WOLVERINE remains, now joined by the robotic construct E.V.A., a new BEAK, and the mysterious Three-In-One.

On the far side of the world TRANSATLANTIS is the headquarters of THE BEAST – a sinister genetic scientist who attempts to dominate the entire world from the safety of his haunted isle.

One of the X-Men's few allies, a young human named TOM SKYLARK, has just acquired an extremely precious artifact from the PROUD PEOPLE – the PHOENIX EGG – and attempts to deliver it to the X-Men at their Institute headquarters. But despite the best efforts of Tom and his partner, the giant Sentinel named ROVER, the Egg is stolen by CRAWLERS, evil minions of the Beast who have been created from the genetic material of long-dead X-Men. The Phoenix Egg, thought to be the last chance of salvation from the Iron rule of the Beast, is now in the enemy's hands...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# HERE COMES TOMORROW

PART 2 OF 4


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SURRENDER THE STARLIT CITY!

"This is how they *died*..."

APOLLYON THE DESTROYER COMMANDS YOU!

JUSTLY NAMED FOR MY SWIFT WRATH!

HOMO PERFECTUS HAS COME!

HERALD OF THE BEAST ALMIGHTY!

This'll no dae for *Mer-Max*... I'll hae tae dive for Megamerica and shut doon ma far-speaking.

Ah'm *two miles* fae shore, wi armies o' *Crawlers*... aw headed straight at ye.

Tak' care o' yersels.

Tak' care.

SURRENDER THE PHOENIX EGG!

You misunderstand me, Maker.

TO YOU AND WHOSE ARMY, SAYS SMITH THE MAKER? THESE INTEREUROPA ISLANDS ARE FREE! THY SHIP'LL GO NO FURTHER!

DESTROY.

You'll get your chance *soon enough*, mate.

I don't like the way this is shaping up, at all.

What's *that* appearing all 'round him?

I GIVE YOU THE ENDLESS ARMIES OF THE BEAST.

*Die for us.*

*In your huddled thousands... **DIE.***

I can't bloody *do* this, Rover!

I can't just *fly out* on everybody...

Get the bloody egg to *safety*, Tom, or I'll tell your mum!

BRIAN! WATCH OUT FOR THE CRAWLERS!

Huh! You *think*?

My *Magic Car's* more than a match for *any* winged monkey-man!

I didn't mean that in a *speciesist* way...

It's not about--

--oh, no--

Oh, not *Brian!*

Oh, no... this is for *real.*

SPLKKLSH!

THE PHOENIX EGG'S SECURE! GO, ROVER! GO!

For *real?*

Remember how we said we'd *live forever?*

"This is how the *Proud People* died..."

BAMF!

BAMF!

BAMF!

May the Lord help us all.

BAMF!

BAMF!

BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
BAMF!
...and plumes of sulphur, *miles* high, drifting north ahead of the Crawler hordes...
...*that's* how I ended up here at *The Institute,* since you happened to ask...

Is this *make-believe* or *real*?

Well, I've only gone and *lost* the bleedin' egg they all *died* for, haven't I?

Does this shame on my face *look* make-believe?

E.V.A. ... humans are *creepy*...

I'm only joking, luv.

Some brave people go down in the fight, but good *always* wins in the end.

Umm...

...are you *totally* sure?

Current statistical thinking suggests *otherwise.*

Uh, right..

They're lovely at that age, ent they?

*We've had to change our plans, obviously.*

*Everyone's preparing for the worst.*

*We have to attack the Beast directly now, Tom.*

*Immediately.*

*The Three-In-One has spoken, and your presence in our X-Men unit would be most valued...*

Oh, and you can have your antique **Sentinel** back. **Disinfected**, of course, although... too little, too late.

Look, I'm really, really gutted about losing the **egg**...

Eva, I'm very **good** with machines.

I get on well with them, and...

...well...I can tell you're unhappy.

**Unfulfilled**, like.

The sensations and processes you know as "**feelings**" are interpreted very **differently** by my conscious network, whatever you might think.

Since Fantomex and... and what **happened**... I've **denied** myself intimate contact with another nervous system.

You what? I'm only a **human being, E.V.A.** ...I'm one of the **last** few thousand of us left in the **whole world.**

I'm about to get intimate with **extinction.**

I can say what I **like.**

*I...I hope it won't come to that.*

What? Intimacy or death?

Rover? This is **Tom.**

You all right, you useless great lump of **scrap?**

KKRRNNNK

DIST... RRRR...

KKRAR... DESTROY...

He sounds almost heartbroken.

I think he loves you, Tom.

Rover?

He hasn't got a heart, E.V.A. ...

What a bloody *embarrassment* you've been to me, mate.

Haven't you got *nothing* to say for yourself?

We should go.

The others are waiting for us, Tom Skylark.

The hour grows late.

Whole *genomes* will be enslaved.

Evolution will grind to a *halt.*

The future will belong to mass-produced biological *conformity.*

And all our struggles will have been in *vain.*

*If* the Phoenix chooses to *serve* the Beast...

...*if* he chooses to attack us with *her* power at his disposal...

...there can *be* no tomorrow.

*Wooo,* spooky.

I'm afraid it's *much* worse than that, girls. Consider this--what happens when the Beast codes *Phoenix* traits into his *armies?*

Or into *himself?*

The Phoenix Egg is there at the *end* of all things.

So it is *written.*

So it has come to *pass.*

We can't attack Transatlantis *soon enough*, I say.

The *X-Men*, champions of genetic diversity...

.. Charles would have been ever so *proud*.

I've had dreams, you know. Dreams with *you* in them.

This was never meant to be, was it? Something went *terribly wrong*...

Tell us the *truth*, Cyclops.

What do you *really* see when you look at the future without flinching?

A fire from *beyond*.

*Consuming* fire.

The judgment of the *Phoenix*.

Talking's done, Cyclops.

The menace of the Beast unites us *all*-- mutants, men, machines...

...and let's not forget dear old *Martha's* marvellous *brain*. The *engine* of our war-glider...

Now... who are we *waiting for?*

Guess who?

*Here* he comes, Missis Xavier.

Call me *Cassandra Nova*, Tito.

This is *so* what my brother would have wanted.

TRANSATLANTIS

The Proud People lie on dissecting tables. Intereuropa Island is being converted for genetic processing...

...and our ships are preparing to set sail for Megamerica.

AAUURRR

All as it should be.

Look, Apollyon, I pulled this parasite from the head of a Crawler...it was trying to reproduce there, in his thoughts...

The Megamerican mutant nations and the Termid Tribes of the Panafrikan Basin still...

Shh!

This is delicate and dangerous work, my faithful messenger.

I thought I'd call them "feeders"...

I...I am the last and the greatest of your U-Men.

I was to be made perfect.

As this fallen world is, so must you be.

When this world is perfected, I will turn my attention to you, Apollyon.

But until then...

Must I remain broken, unfinished?

Can't I have frontal lobe grafts?

All my life I've dreamed of Phoenix grafts...

Paradise advances, *one* step at a time.

These feeder creatures evolved only recently to fill a *specialized* niche.

Sweet *Corona*, princess of the Proud People...

...surely, a high-level, inquiring, telepathic intellect like yours finds *this* filthy creature as fascinating as it finds *you*...

Not so proud *now*.

Fifteen seconds after the feeder implants its larvae, they begin to *eat* the thoughts of the host. Imagine such traits in a *Crawler*.

Come, Apollyon...

...THE TIME OF THE HATCHING DRAWS NEAR!

MORE POWER!

INCUBATE! INCUBATE!

ARISE...

AUUWWWRRR

Unnh

Arise.

Welcome *back* from the ashes...

...weapon of cosmic war in human form.

Wuh... *wuhrrr*...welcome to *my* world.

From the wavelands of the ***Pacificate*** to the deserts of ***Panafrika***. From ***Extralia*** to ***Megamerica***.

Older than life, older than the ***oldest*** thing, I am. Undying ***Beast***.

For three billion years, I have *waited* for you.

Unnh

Your skin...

...your skin *burnzzz*.

I'm sorry... I was in the crown... in the white hot room...

...in...what... what *am* I?

Did I have to fix something that was dying?

How long has it been since... since...

Henry? Is that *you*?

Yes...yes. "*Henry*", of course.

And "*Beast*".

But...I have *another* name now.

My ultimate soldier.

My destroyer of worlds...

...call me SUBLIME.

⊗TO BE CONTINUED...

# GREY FOX 誠